

Folkestone. Jan 21. 1851. Tuesday

Dear Sue. You will exclaim, "how under the sun & moon came Jane at Folkestone!" - True here I am, a run-away, under the care of Charles Brown, so oddly do things come about in these strange countries, & on my way to Paris to make a visit to Aunt Lizzie Dowell. The storm last Eof. kept the boat from crossing; & I am dying with the agreeable prospect of being our wretchedly sea-sick two row hence - But to explain how I got here & all about it - Well! when Uncle Charles was going on, Dr. Gray proposed I should go with him & see Aunt Lizzie, as the delay in his work began to make it doubtful whether we should have much time with her in Paris in the Spring. I hesitated about going, as I did not know that it would be convenient to them to receive me - And Dr. G. proposed I should come with Mr. Brown Monday, if meantime he wrote one word that they would like it - So with that understanding I started from home Thursday, & in that uncertainty finished my letters Friday - And to continue the journal from that time - We had a very pleasant day with the Hookers; & I was much interested in looking over some of the volumes of the Musée Napoléon, plates of the magnificent gallery Napoleon made, by taking the best pictures from every part of Europe - It was not a very great thing to be sure to rob people of their treasures; but certainly it must have been a most magnificent collection - And I quite sorry Lady Hooker, who did it when in Paris when quite a girl, and yet remembers it very distinctly -

Saturday I busied myself in many little preparations, if I should go to Paris Monday - And wrote to Mr. Brown I would meet him at the Station if I went - An agreeable state of doubt. We looked eagerly for letters Sunday morn., but none came - We walked to Richmond Church - And heard a pretty good sermon on vanity & pride, which came very appropriately to our Sunday's experiences in church - In the Sunday before we sat in a pew behind the flunkies - in admiring view of the powdered head of one; & this time in the pew with a gorgeous red & purple liveries - I am afraid we don't improve the spectacles with much diminish-

The church at Richmond is interesting from containing a tablet
to Thomson the poet - And on the outside of the church are
monuments to Mrs. Holland authoress of 'Son of a Genius', &c. And
to Edmund Kean - We had a charming walk to Richmond
& back thanks to our private key through the 'pleasure grounds', a
large space planted with trees & laid out in walks, adjoining
the gardens, but not so open to the public. Dr. Gray was in
a great state of suspense when we got back, as to whether he
is true or not - A passport is necessary to go to Paris, & he must
apply to Mr. Lawrence - But he did not want to make the
trouble of getting one, if he did not go, so decided to postpone it
until we should get Monday's letters - Monday morn. I laid
out my things ready to pack, having meantime heard from Mr.
L. that he took the 8th train P.M., & would get to Paris the next
morn. at 9 - Dr. Gray went off in his train to return at 12, when we
expected our letters - At 12 the letters came, saying they would
be very glad to have me come; so Dr. Gray gave up of it, & I
back - I was to be in in the 6 o'clock omnibus, & he would
meet me when it stopped - But he came back at 4 - Had been
to Mr. Lawrence's at 2^{1/2} but "Secretary of Legation?" "But" "From
12 to 2" - So was he went to the French Consul - But he could only
say to British subjects & on the persons themselves a blessing - But he
said if I would sign Dr. Gray's passport I could take that, & that
would serve me - So the poor man came travelling back to bid me
take that, & escort me in - But I must say that I think the Sec-
retary might allow more time. Nonetheless 'tis a new cavalier manner
for the Sec. to say he is ready to attend to people for only 2 hours!
But from what Dr. Gray said of him last summer he thought him
very English & impertinent - He is a son of John Lubbock. He
took the 6th train with him. Such an indomitable drive! - And at the
Station found Mr. who had kindly procured a cab for me from
Mr. Lawrence, thinking I might not leave one. He took our tickets
through to Paris, & found our carriage full of a queer compound of
French & German - When we got to Folkestone there was no boat, so
we quietly ordered chambers & went to bed. And now cannot sail
until 4 o'clock this morn. & must not get to Paris until midnight
Good-bye to me. There has been a great storm, & I fear I will be very much
shaken, though I am afraid to bed -

Paris inf. 24th. 1881

Here I am in the gay capital, dear Sue, & very lazy I must confess about writing. But it is so pleasant to be again surrounded by familiar faces, & to be in a city which seems to me to be a city of the future. But now I must give you some account of a tale in the first place how I got here. It was just as we were about to go on board the boat at Antwerp. There were not a great number of ladies but enough to make a string all round the deck in the cabin. And I distinctly took a sofa on first descending there were two French women who amused me amazingly they chattered French as fast as possible though one was sick almost before the boat was off but at last something she burst out "Je suis tout à fait misérable!" and I believe scarcely seemed like myself again. I heard her words internally. I believe I was sick here of the last but we were all watched through. There was only a man to wait in us; but he was very kind & attentive. Only he came round cruelly in the middle of the passage to get for the tickets & very soon a woman who had to put her hand in her pocket was made quite sick again & as for me merely turning to say yes when he asked if the gentlemen had not my ticket & the misery around set me off again. Dr. Portnam says he told the man to go to the devil when he asked him for his. There was one person in the cabin who quite interested me. I had noticed her in the cars the night before she was dressed so prettily & stylishly & she appeared in full on board the boat in the most coquettish of little brown beaver hats made half like a child's & bent in round her face & with narrow loops of dark blue satin ribbon inside she had a very white childlike complexion & immense eyes but the expression incomprehensible there was an innocence in them though sometimes she looked but often as if for maid seemed half ignorant half companion, & I came to the conclusion she must be a stage-actress. She was wretchedly sick & when we landed at Boulogne she covered her face with her handkerchief & raced into a dark place without saying a word but she muttered something about being hurt & as she would not stay until we were all gone I came to the conclusion

much more so, & that sea-sickness had rather destroyed
the effect. I could not even move until we
landed at Genoa & so far away in my life. I was not ready & fit-
ting before the time for landing - He had to know through in due
season to have our passports examined & then to have our baggage
"Rombe" to be examined in Paris & so to the N. H. but in time -
My toilet had been so hasty that I was forced to tie again all
my bottles in the car, to the edification of Mr. Storrow & his
Catholic priests but sea-sickness hardens one completely - Two English
men got in afterwards & got to talking about the great beauty of
Saying she was certainly painted & - And on Mr. Storrow's asking
who she was for he said had been struck with her appearance,
they said she was Laura Bell whose beauty had made a great
sensation in London the past season. "An unfortunate daughter
of Mr. Bell a lawyer," one gentleman said. "Poor thing" I want
to learn more about her she was so very young & so pretty -
The hotel the French call more luxurious & easier than the
English & possessing one great comfort & convenience. To keep your
feet warm in the shade of a long case of metal like a long & thin
botanical vacuum & either filled with hot water, or at some time
with steam. The fire not yet lit but after 11. There we
had our baggage examined but as Mr. Storrow was bearer of dispatches
perhaps that eased the matter, for they examined very lightly - But
still with the delay we did not get to 26, Rue de Rivoli, until just as
the clock struck 12 - I feared they were all in bed but on getting
up stairs, an premier, Uncle Howell opened the door on our ring, Augustus
& Uncle Charles appeared behind him & soon Aunt Lizzie came in
her dressing-gown to welcome me, & it was delightful to be among
friends once more - They have a set of apartments on the 1st floor
fronting very pleasantly on the gardens of the Tuilleries - The first floor
is right above the ground floor & a small story, called the Entresol -
You enter first an antechamber - the dining room on one side & lighted
from the court yard, for the house is built as in France round a square,
& on the other the passage to the kitchen - This antechamber leads through
into the salon, a fine large room with large windows, & surrounded by
mirrors & doors. It is very prettily furnished, or rather was - For as Aunt
Lizzie says its elegance is departed - Aunt Lizzie's chamber was from the
salon, & beyond the little N. H. room - Then behind there is Lizzie's room
which I have opening into a little passage which runs from the dining

room - The other side of the building is a
veranda - in stands & the Augustus Palace his garden & garden
itself - Uncle Charles & Augustus & Lizzie are in little room
above of the height of the bedroom on the floor below. This suite
of rooms takes up one side of the building that fronts on the street
& the kitchen is another side & the stairs are also on that side.
The apartments are as independent as your own, above the have their
own servants & conduct matters as they please -
I awoke in the morning quite bright - a girl came to breakfast
with her hair dressed à la Rombe & her hair for the & sister for her picture
or he sent to Madame I never saw anyone so much changed in
a fashion or so much improved it softens her face & her cheeks
generally look too full & taking the hair from her forehead & showing
its fine broad front makes the face well shaped & proportioned with
out looking bold - Then you know what a beautiful & pretty picture
she has, & the dress is very simple & becoming - When the woman
came for Aunt Lizzie & I to go out we went first to see Lizzie with
the painter, and saw the picture - It is beautiful & very good
indeed. Of course the looks of a picture from a painted it is
it is an exceedingly pretty picture - Aunt Lizzie & I went to
do a little shopping & bought a black wrapper with blue
above through the balustrade but saw some cards as I went
& wrote a little note to Mr. Storrow & then went to see
Mr. Storrow & his wife & a head-stone then went to see
& after some more millinery went to the Palais National
see the Exhibition of Modern Art - I saw some very good
rather disappointed in the pictures - The fine pictures are
not agreeable & the pictures seemed without much depth and
of course I am a poor critic there were an immense number
of portraits - some of the statues was very beautiful, some
the pictures I liked exceedingly - It was very interesting
to round the upper story the 1st apartment of the
Palace where so many distinguished people had lived -
I saw an immense building at top of the road with square
& streets & an open court yard in the center - The hotel was
just the same when we came but I had never seen

How stupid I am I should have said that - on Wednesday
Ev. we went to tea at Mrs. Harriot when we met some
Americans - Mr. Charles Storrow's ~~elder~~ brother & his wife live
here in Paris, & his father is also too - There were two New York
ladies one with her husband & Mrs. & Mrs. Hainwright - They
were dressed very prettily but I must say I agree with Aunt
Lizzie that the French ladies are not so tastefully dressed as
I expected. The fashion at present is for so much ornament -
But perhaps winter is not a good time. - But the city
itself strikes one most impressively - so many fine buildings
trees, columns, &c. &c. - But the streets are now very dirty
for walking. - So let each however on Thursday Edward
Cromwell & Mrs. Frank Godman came to dine, they are
here in Paris with Powell Perkins! I hope I shall see
the last named gentleman - There are a great many
Americans in Paris

Mrs. W. J. Jackson